

*The History of*

Prince VVell, here is my leg.

Fal. And here is my speech, stand aside Nobilitie.

Ho. O Iesu, this is excellent sport, yfaith.

Fal. VVeepe not sweet Queene, for trickling teres are vain,

Ho. O the father, how how he holds his countenance?

Fal. For Gods sake Lords, conuey my trustfull Queene.

Forteares do stop the flood-gates of her eyes.

Hot. O Iesu, he doth it as like one of these harlotry players, as euer I see.

Fal. Peace, good pint-pot, peace, good tickle braine. Harry, I do not onely maruell where thou spēdest thy time; but also, how thou art accompanied. For though the camomil the more it is trode on, the faster it grows: yet youth, the more it is wasted, the sooner it weares: thou art my son, I haue partly thy mothers word, partly my opinion, but chiefly, a villanous trick of thine eye, and a foolish hanging of the neather lip, that doth warrant me. If then thou bee sonne to mee, here lieth the point: why, being sonne to me, art thou so pointed at? shall the blessed sonne of heauen proue a micher, and eate blacke berries? a question not to be askt. Shall the son of England proue a chiefe, & take purses? a question to be askt. There is a thing, Harry, which thou hast often heard of, and it is known to many in our land, by the name of pitch. This pitch (as ancient writers do report) doth defile: so doth the company thou keepest: for Harry, now I do not speake to thee in drinke, but in teares; not in pleasure, but in passion; not in words onely, but in woes also: & yet there is a vertuous man, whom I haue often noted in thy company, but I know not his name.

Prim. VVhat manner of man, and it like your Maiestie?

Fal. A goodly portly man yfaith, and a corpulent, of a cheerful look, a pleasing eie and a most noble carriage, & as I think, his age some fifty, or bishady, inclining to threescore, and now I remeber me, his name is Falstaffe: if that man should be lewdly giuen, he deceiues me. For Harry, I see vertue in his looks: if then the tree may bee knowne by the fruit, as the fruit by the tree; then peremptorily I speake it, there is vertue in that Falstaffe, him keepe with, the rest banish: and tell me now, thou naughty varlet, tell me, where hast thou bin this month?

Prince,

*Henry the fourth.*

Prim. Dost thou speake like a king? do thou stand for mee and Ile play my father.

Fal. Depose me; if thou dost it halfe so grauely, so maiestically both in word and matter, hang mee vp by the heeles for a rabbit sucker or a Poulters Hare.

Prim. Well, heere I am set.

Fal. And here I stand, iudge my masters.

Prince Now, Harry, whence come you?

Fal. My noble Lord, from Eastcheape.

Prince The complaints I heare of thee, are grievous.

Fal. Zbloud my Lord, they are false: nay. Ile tickle ye for a yong Prince yfaith.

Prim. Swarest thou, vngracious boy: henceforth nere look on me, thou art violently carried away from grace, there is a diuell haunts thee, in the likenesse of an old fat mā, a tun of man is thy companion: why dost thou conuerse with that trunke of humors, that boulding hutch of beastlinesse, that swoln parcell of dropsies, that huge bombard of sacke, that stuff cloke bag of guts, that roasted Manningtree Oxe with the pudding in his belly, that reuerent vice, that gray iniquity, that father ruffian, that vanity in yeeres, wherein is he good? but to tast sacke and drinke it? wherein neat & clenly, but to carue a capon & eat it? wherein cunning, but in craft? wherein crafty, but in villany? wherein villanous, but in all thinges? wherein worthy, but in nothing?

Fal. I would your grace would take me with you, whom meanes your grace?

Prince That villanous abhominable misleader of youth, Falstaffe, that old white bearded Sathan.

Fal. My Lord, the man I know. Pri. I know thou dost.

Fal. But to say, I know more harme in him then in my selfe, were to say more then I know: that he is old, the more the pittie, his white haire do witnesse it: but that he is, sauing your reuerence, a whoremaster, that I vterly deny: if sack and sugar be a fault, God helpe the wicked: if to be old and merry bee a sin, the many an old host that I know, is dam'd: if to be fat, be to be hated, the Pharaos lean kine ar to be loued. No, my good lord, banish Peto, banish Bardol, banish Poinces, but for sweete Iacke

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Falstaffe,